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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

THE FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

PART THE THIRD.*

"GONE!—did you say gone!—really gone!"—were the frequently repeated exclamations of an Irishwoman at the door of the *then* fashionable hotel in Bond Street. "Gone! for good and all!—gone intirely! Ah, thin, for the love of God, tell me when he went, and where he's gone to."

"Take your Irish howl out of this," answered a fat waiter; "we don't want rebels here."

"I don't care what you call me *now*," said the poor woman; "but from this I will not stir, until I hear some news of my Masther Garrett."

"What does she say?" inquired half a dozen voices at once.

"Don't make game of her," interrupted a respectable-looking servant out of livery. "Don't you see the poor woman's in tears?"

"Ah, thin, sir, good luck to ye; ye've a *lice* heart in yer bosom. And can ye tell me any thing at all of the young gentleman, Masther Garrett O'Dwyer?"

"If you mean Mr O'Dwyer who was here with a foreign count yesterday, he is gone."

"To where, sir?"

"That, my good woman, I cannot tell you; but I believe it was time he went."

"Quite," added the first speaker, significantly.

"You do not mean to say he did any thing to disgrace his name?" inquired Margaret, looking round her proudly.

"Oh no!—only fine feathers make fine birds. He's bound up part and parcel with the Romish powers abroad—the Pope himself, or maybe Bonaparte; he liked to read the Irish papers; and I can't think what our government is about, to let foreigners of any country among us, eating our roast beef and plum pudding: it's unconstitutional. Keep them out, I say—keep them out;" and the fat waiter flourished his napkin, and passed, with a consequential air, from the conference.

"If I had only seen him for one minute!" exclaimed the poor nurse; "just heard his voice—got one word of speaking with him! Oh, sir, sir, are you sure he's gone?"

"As fast as four posters could take him."

"And where'll I get his direction, will you be pleased to tell me?" inquired the nurse, with admirable simplicity.

"That I really do not know. There are persons about, who say that he was obliged to quit by an order from government."

"See that now!" said Margaret, while a species of pride, purely Irish, lit up her face; "see that now! Bedad, then, it's little trouble the government would take about him, if he wasn't a person of consequence."

The man smiled, and the *follower of the family*, after a few more useless inquiries, turned away to tell her troubles to "the doctor," and indulge in the belief that it must have been *her* Garrett O'Dwyer, "who

had given, like many of his name, a power of trouble to the great English government."

Imagine every thing that was affectionate in Margaret's conduct towards Evelyn, during the time she was subjected to the oculist's experiments—imagine the hours of tender watchfulness—imagine the days of intense and often *hard* labour—imagine, amid it all, the deep anxiety with which her heart yearned for news of her brother and his family—imagine her unsparing, unceasing care—imagine a hundredfold more than I can tell of the privations she endured, and above all, the torturing suspense as to whether or not her darling would or would not receive the blessing of sight; and then picture, if you can, her perfect and entire satisfaction at finding the grand object of her life realised—the child of her affections gifted, as it were, with sight—restored to that unspeakable blessing—the eyes of the young patient, now full of meaning, beaming upon her in the full lustre of youth and love—questioning, as it were, her features, and then forcing her to speak, that she might hear she was not deceived, and that it was really her own, *own* nurse she looked upon. Days and days, and weeks and weeks, of prayer and almost speechless anxiety, passed before this long-looked-for end was accomplished. And when Margaret's high and grateful spirit had sufficiently rejoiced therein—when her heart had, as it were, in some degree emptied itself of rejoicing, the care for the future made her continually exclaim, in her own mind, "Ah, thin, it isn't ungrateful I am to the Almighty God for restoring her, the delight of my soul! to the sight of her blessed eyes! But my heart aches to hear news of home: if we go back, they say we'll be murdered: the trouble is in the country still, and sure that's no news. And if I could only hear from my brother, and of Masther Garrett, why, Margaret Sheil, you'd be a happy woman. But I must wait, God help me, patiently. The doctor (God be good to him!) says he has some news in store for me. I must own this is a beautiful country for earning money; only, the worst of it is, it goes as fast, not to say faster than it comes. If I had only time to make myself known to Masther Garrett, that he might have carried with him the knowledge that his child was well and living, it would have comforted him when far far away from the sound of his natural language!"

Margaret Sheil little knew how the cares, the ambitions, the projects, of this busy world, sap and undermine the finest and best affections of our nature. We imagine that our feelings of love and tenderness for our kind remain the same. We fancy that years roll on, and find us, when we do pause, exactly what we were. Alas! no fallacy is greater than this. The springs of love have become choked by the foul weeds of worldliness. The selfishness of self, that cheerless, groans, and impotent enjoyment, that gnaws and growls over the vitals of all social duties, and would fain sever all social ties, has fixed its fangs upon us. Thrice blessed are we if we escape!

Garrett O'Dwyer had been compelled to abandon his child and the stiffened corpse of his mother on that well-remembered night, from finding that his connection with the disturbers of his country was discovered by those who would have been glad to see him sacrificed; for, young as he was, there was a wild and fiery zeal about him, which promised much that was daring: in the great game of life he had every thing to gain, and nothing to lose.

From what I have already said, no one will imagine Garrett O'Dwyer one of those who would labour patiently and earnestly in a homely or even exalted calling: he would trust all to a *coup de grace*; and if that failed, lose all power of exertion until something

else was struck, like fire from flint, to arouse his energies. The frame, hardened in youth by mountain pastime, is not likely to shrink from personal exertion when acts of daring are necessary to effect an object; and the mind takes its bent from the habit of body, when it has not been directed to any particular exercise calculated to call forth its thinking rather than its feeling powers. One or two successful strokes of fortune threw Garrett O'Dwyer, in his foreign exile, amongst those who saw at that time enough in the character of the Irish disturbances to stimulate their own ambition. He did not depart without some "mystic lines," signifying his ancient descent and his future desires. He was the very fellow to rise in foreign service; and those were times when the soldier of yesterday was the general of to-day. Garrett had abundance of fierce courage; he was brave, earnest, gay, fond of pleasure, cunning, and gifted with rare powers of pleasing. When first he crossed the sea that separated him from his all—his child—he felt as every young Irishman would—most keenly. On the night of his departure, he tore a tuft of fern from the crumbling walls of his ancestral home, and, placing it next his heart, swore, in presence of the silent stars, that he would return and win back those halls to be his own. He passed the lonely and deserted graveyard, where the dock and the seedy nettle triumphed over

"The Blakes and O'Donnells"

of bygone years; he threw himself into the long strong grass that waved in the night-wind over the remains of his careless father; and when his overwrought feelings found relief in violent tears, he repeated on his knees the few prayers taught him by his mother and Margaret, and, with a heart full of wild yet generous and ennobling sympathies, the last of the name departed from his "Fatherland."

With a new country, came new excitements. For the first year he was, as Irishmen generally appear during the first year of exile, a red-hot patriot: he talked, and, to do him justice, *felt*, strongly for his country. But he had entered foreign service; and the remembrance of Erin, of his indulgent mother, his once madly loved Moyna, his infant daughter, became rubbed out, as it were, by the friction of stirring events. At first he had wished that the child might live, "to be the comfort of his declining years;" then, as he grew older and more prosperous, he never thought he could decline; and at last he arrived, somehow or other, at the conclusion, that, deprived of maternal nutriment, the child must have died. Those who have not watched the rise, progress, and decay of human feelings, will be inclined to call Garrett O'Dwyer—a monster; those who have, will call him—a man!

Years rolled on, bringing prosperity on their wings; and it was no wonder that Garrett O'Dwyer was spoiled like the rest of his sex, whose strength and beauty is rather of the body than the mind. No wonder that Garrett was greatly injured by admiration and success. How much would poor Margaret have been disappointed—disappointed, though perhaps proud, to find "Masther Garrett" a brave officer, in the confidence of the official whom he accompanied to England!—a soldier, polished as much as a soldier ought to be—a man of much penetration and brilliancy of character, but lacking those natural affections which may be considered the core of an Irish heart—irresistibly drawn by some long-dormant sympathies to the details of the fatal turmoil of ninety-eight, he read, as the waiter had stated, the Irish papers with avidity; he could not look over the progress of the disturbances amongst his native mountains, without longing to join in the strife he was once sworn to.

* Through unforeseen circumstances, an interval of a fortnight has been allowed to elapse since the second part of "The Follower of the Family" made its appearance. It may not be superfluous to mention that, in the earlier parts of the tale, Margaret Sheil, a faithful adherent of a decayed Irish family named O'Dwyer, has come to London, for the purpose of submitting to the care of an oculist of reputation, a poor blind girl, the daughter of the last O'Dwyer, who, immediately after her birth, had left his native country, and was not afterwards heard of till it was ascertained (at the end of the second part of the tale) that he had been for a few days at a hotel in the metropolis.—Ed.

Still, it was not the policy of his adopted country to interfere at that time; and the morning that his faithful nurse had sought him, he had promptly departed, for reasons unconnected with Ireland, and with which my tale of Margaret's fidelity has nothing to do.

The news that, according to Margaret's phraseology, the doctor "had" for her was certainly romantic: a lady wished to adopt little Evelyn, on certain conditions, which Margaret was to hear from herself; and, accordingly, at the appointed time, she took the child to one of the old suburban houses, and soon found herself in the presence of an elderly gentlewoman, who had frequently passed her when she waited in the hall of the benevolent oculist. Evelyn was not present at the meeting, but left in another room. Her nurse related the little girl's history, suppressing only her belief that her father had been so recently in London, from a cunning peculiarity Irish, which whispered, that the lady might not be so ready to do her service if she thought it probable that her father ever would return. The lady's name was Langham. Bereaved of her own children, she had long struggled with that loneliness of heart which is always a bitter trial for woman to endure: she believed this friendless girl would be something whereon she could expend her affection and her benevolence; and after enumerating, rather ostentatiously, the benefits she proposed to confer on Evelyn O'Dwyer, she added—

"You perceive I remove the burthen of the child from you altogether; I adopt her as my own; and I think it would be better if you were not to see her at all; if she were to see you constantly, it would recall her old feelings and associations."

The Irish nurse looked for a moment abstracted and confused; the possibility of her being denied access to Evelyn, had never before occurred to her. So astounded was she by Mrs Langham's words, that she suffered her to enlarge upon the benefits that would arise from this sacrifice, which she considered in that one-sided way which people are apt to do when chiefly thinking of their own feelings. At last, moving steadily towards the lady, she fixed her piercing eyes upon her, and said, simply and honestly, but in a tone of the deepest pathos—

"Ah, thin, ma'am, is it for parting us ye'd be?"

"You must understand, my good woman, that I want to bring her up with the feelings and manners of a gentlewoman."

"I wish that the Almighty would but give ye the power to look into the heart of that blessed child, and there ye'd see, my lady, stamped upon her very soul, the honour, the feelings, ay, and the pride too, that belong to a gentlewoman—yes, and though the world don't think it, to many not born so. I had her, before she was twenty-four hours, a *weeping babe* of a *weeping land*. I promised her father to protect her—I kept my oath to him, and God. I have watched over her, prayed for her, that had no sin, instead of trying to lessen my own heavy load of that same, God help me!—kept all knowledge of bad from her, because I wanted her to be like the angels in heart as well as in body. I have done all this, and more: I would not marry where my own wake woman's heart had settled for years, because of the duty I owed the family. When I saw a chance of restoring her precious sight, I left name and home, kith and kin, and country, to see justice done to her. I have loved her and honoured her. Never let her think me her equal, but her servant. And now you would turn me from her! Ah, thin, lady dear, I heard tell on't of a bird that laid eggs of gold; I'm not going to say what sort of a bird she was—but gold they war for certain, as I heard tell—full of gold. But, sure, she had no sooner laid the egg than she trampled it under her foot to nothing. If the egg had not been spoilt, my lady, it would have been worth any thing. But what good was it!—spoiled and destroyed entirely. Ah, ma'am, it's a pity to mar what's made, as the thunderbolt said when it thought of the oak it had riven, just to show its strength."

Now, the lady liked the child, and there certainly was much kindness in her heart; but it is not every one who can distinguish the difference between rusticity and vulgarity. A woman of such self-sacrificing and disinterested feelings as Margaret, could not, no matter how poor or low-born she might be, communicate mean or paltry feelings to others, because they never had place in her own bosom—they were not inherent in her nature. But Mrs Langham, like too many others, had acquired the habit of considering poverty and vice as synonymous; and (for that she had a heart both sound and healthful), albeit somewhat enervated by prejudice and the opinions of the world, which good people often adopt and believe their own, she felt the natural eloquence and power of Margaret's appeal: it was new, and apt; and, above all, it came fully and freshly from her heart. But the lady thought she would try her a little further; her arguments, however, were feeble, for NATURE was against them. The follower of the family had been father, mother, home, country, all, to the child, which was in reality the creature of her bounty, but which she believed it was her duty not only to serve, but to place for, to the end of her days.

"It's no good, my lady—God bless you, you mean it all for the best—I see the advantage, madam—let her live with you; I'll not stand in her light for that—let her be to you as your own child; your goodness will have earned that duty from her—tache her, my lady (not that she's ignorant) all kinds of things (only

her eyes, God help her, are still wakened, and don't let them be worn out)—let her be yours, heart and soul. I never thought her love could keep the same for me, when she got among her own class like. I learnt that lesson long ago of a little King Charles's puppy that my poor mistress had (the heavens be her bed!) that when on't it was fully reared by a turnspit baste that let it share the milk of her own pup, turned away from the kitchen to the parlour, and would even set its teeth and *gins* at the poor old brute that sometimes thrust its nose into the company quarters, out of good nature to look after it. Mine will never do that," she added, wiping her eyes. "But I'm deeply grateful she should keep with those who can put her in her own station; and I'll be no burthen on them or her. I'll earn my own living, as I do now. But to say that I'm not to give her to her father, if I should ever find him—to say I'm not to see her of a Sunday—that I'm not to watch the light increasing in her eyes, that, through God and his agents, I unclouded—not sometimes to hear the voice that's the only music my heart danced to for years!"—She could not continue, but turned away her face and wept bitterly. Mrs Langham, too, felt more than she acknowledged. "I have only spoken of myself," said Margaret at last, "but let Miss Evelyn spake for herself."

She opened the door and called: the little girl bounded in like a fawn, and then paused to look shyly around at the fine pictures and rich things, and, above all, at an exquisite painting of the Virgin with the infant Christ, which Mrs Langham, being a Roman Catholic, treasured for a double reason. The light fell from the window upon her beautiful head, and before Margaret spoke, she turned with a smile towards "the lady"—a smile of admiration which was returned.

"Evelyn—Miss Evelyn, *avoumeen*, do ye see that good lady, that has often spoke kind to ye, darlint?"

"I do."

"Could ye love her, *a-cushla*?"

"Ah, then, I could—I do, nurse!"

"Maybe as well as me!"

The child's laugh was momentary music, but it was a laugh of derision—and she twined her nurse's arm round her neck.

"But you'd try, darlint? She's a good lady—quite a lady, my bird alone!"

"And so am I," said the little O'Dwyer.

Mrs Langham observed her proud look; it agured well for her project. The nurse continued—

"Avoumeen, this lady is very kind, very good; she wishes to take you to be her child, to tache you to play the fine music, and behave like a lady, and live in this beautiful room, and drive in a coach!"

"Live in this room! drive in a coach! play music!" repeated the child in ecstasy, her bashfulness conquered by delight. "Oh! we shall be so happy!"

"Not we, avoumeen, but you."

"Shan't you like it! Oh, dear nurse, you can't mean not to like it!"

"But you are to leave me—not to see me any more—all these beautiful things to be yours to live among—but no mammy nurse."

"Let us go," said the child, seizing her nurse's hand between both hers, and rushing to the door; "let us go; this is a bad place to stay in!"

It is almost needless to say that nature triumphed. Margaret positively refused to become an inmate of Mrs Langham's house, but laboured in various humble callings, repaid most richly for her self-denial by the continued affection and improvement of Evelyn O'Dwyer. Nor did her energies or affections slumber over one object. Her inquiries respecting Garrett were continually renewed, though continually unsuccessful. At length her curiosity as to the fate of her brother's family was wrought almost to insanity by a letter from the priest of her parish, written several months after the troubled waters of the rebellion had been quelled for the time being.

"The place is changed for the bad entirely," he wrote. "Margaret, my poor woman, yer brother and the little girls are not in it now; he was drawn in, with more of the boys, to the plot of the Serimmage; and when the game was up, why, a parcel of them gathered what they could, and left for the New World: there's not the shadow of a Sheil upon their own mountains now. News has come of their safe and happy landing—God be praised for that same! And to be sure, by all accounts, it's a fine place; but the parish is lonely without the faces of them I christened, whose arms I hoped would have borne their ould priest to his grave. The last word he said to me was, 'Father Mullins,' says he, 'when you get the opportunity, tell her, my sister Margaret, that luck and her left us together; but say that my blessing is with her and Miss Evelyn, day and night. Born and brought up for more than three hundred years under the lords of the soil, the natural heritors, the grate O'Dwyers!—she did her duty in doing her best for poor Master Garrett's child. It was hard to part with my sister, the woman that had both head and heart!—but she did her duty, according to the good ould fashion which lost our great-grandfather his life with great glory, and put his name and part of his effigy upon the tombstone of the ould lord in the abbey church, whose grey towers and green ivy is to the fore among the hills of ould Ireland still—a thought that will rise up our hearts among strangers, and make us think of ourselves, and what our people were before us, when we're in the land of strangers. You'll soon know where I'll be,

Father Mullins,' says he; 'and if the blessed Evelyn gets her sight—or if she does not, it's all one, as far as I'm concerned; and it'll go very hard with me if I can't make out a home for her—and a welcome, and me and mine proud to serve her—as becomes the followers of the family.'"

The letter contained more local news, and the name of him whom that poor faithful woman had loved during her life—loved, though forsaken, because she would not trust to any beyond her "own people" the fealty which she conceived due to an O'Dwyer.

My picture is not too highly coloured. The intensity of affection, the most intense of all the passions of woman, was in this instance united to the clannish pride which in those days was more universal than it is now. We are growing too wise to love without receiving some advantage in return—we must inquire why and know wherefore. Among the far mountains, by the sides of the distant lakes, and in the bosoms of the deep valleys, there are still such to be met with: but never was there one more faithful than Margaret Sheil. Still, she had many heart-yearnings after her own people and her own land. She was established in what she called "the way of trade," at the corner of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Mrs Langham lived in one of those stately old mansions facing the Thames; and Margaret, after much patient endurance, adding penny to penny, had taken a little room in one of those poor houses, that, as in the Italian towns, crouch at the curb-stones of right noble dwellings. This room opened below the pavement, but its window was a little above it; and at this window might be seen a dozen at least of good oranges; three or four lemons laid along the inner ledge, flanked on either side with pottles either empty or full of strawberries; cherries tied in "hap'orths" on a peeled sally-stick; sundry cabbage and lettuce plants; long red radishes and little nubby white ones; interspersed with gingerbread, and the nameless sundries of a small greengrocer, in a small way; while within, Margaret, ever active and ever clean, washed, or starched, or knitted, and did any and every thing in the world that she could get to do. This industry had its reward: she saw "Miss Evelyn" walk past with Mrs Langham, to enjoy beneath those old trees the breeze from the river; and she never did pass without leaving her friend for a moment, to fling her arms round Margaret's neck, call her "dear darling mammy nurse," and whisper any little bit of half-childish half-grish news that she thought would please her. Margaret perceived that "the lady" was somewhat jealous of this love, but she had the good sense not to mind it. She saw her darling in the enjoyment of positive good—she knew she loved her—she went to see her occasionally in the fine house, and was sometimes, on a Sunday evening, when Mrs Langham took her afternoon nap, permitted to walk with her in the long, stiff, stately garden at the back of the house; and there she could talk of Ireland, the name of which set her young heart beating.

"Love it, my darlint, love it ever! But my woe is, avoumeen, that you war dark when you war in it, and can't tell the differ betwixt the two countries. The first time ye saw (to remember) the blessed light, was in the doctor's study; he's a fine man, to be sure, and a good one, God bless him! but his house had a quare look. Oeh home! if you had but seen how green the grass is, and how blue the mountains, and how clear the sky, I'd be satisfied. But, Evelyn, darlint, I have no right to be saying 'satisfied': such a could word, after the grate blessing the Almighty poured upon you—that's what I ought to think of, and you too, *a-lanna-machree*! And the blessing that always followed ye, poor, weeping, dawshy craythur that ye war, the first time ye war given as new sight to my own eyes! Oh, thin, but the ways of the Almighty are wonderful by sea and land! Oh, thin, dear! as ye could not see, does yer mind ever turn to the sounds of yer own country?"

"Yes," replied the girl; "oh yes! Often I sit under that ould mulberry tree, and look through its leaves up to the sky; but the music of the lark does not come falling upon my eyes from the clouds, as I used to fancy it did when we were at home and I was blind. Do you mind, mammy nurse, how I used to know the birds by their notes; and do you remember how I followed the whistle of the plover?"

"Do I!—oh, but you war the weary child without any fear! And how we all looked after ye, and no good, until I found ye asleep on the very edge of a bog-hole, that would have swallowed ould Cromwell and all his troopers, if he had only had the luck to fall into it! There ye war, laughing in the sun's face, and ye asleep, and one turn would have finished ye! My brother (he had great faith in such things) said it was the slip of hazel ye held in yer hand that saved ye. But I always thought the Almighty puts his two eyes in care over the blind."

"Nurse, whenever Mrs Langham gives me praise, then I wish my father heard it."

"The Lord will give ye yer heart's wish yet, a *chora machree*—trust in him. Sure, though I never thought to see Master Garrett's child dependent on any one, still, sure it's wonderful entirely the luck ye've had: it's like an ould story, so it is."

"And all through you, dear mammy nurse; through you!" said Evelyn—and she said truly.

Margaret never suffered more than three months to elapse without making inquiry at the oculist's if

* Remember.

news had been heard of "Masther Garrett," so steady was she in this matter, that "as persevering as Margaret Sheil" passed into a proverb, and the little old Irishwoman—old, as she was called by the very young of the family—was a constant querist on the usual subject.

At last came the peace—frail, as it turned out to be—of 1802. Margaret's regular habits became confused; she absolutely confounded apples with pears, and two of her neighbours complained that her eggs were musty. She did nothing but borrow and read newspapers, write letters, and, instead of being satisfied with a quarterly visit to the oculist, visited him twice, or at least once, a-week. She was seen more frequently hovering round the Bond Street hotels than returning from Covent-Garden market with her "greenery," and truly the gossips thought Margaret was taking leave of her senses. With her usual wisdom and kindness, she did not suggest to Evelyn the possibility of her father visiting England at this period, though it was the engrossing feeling of her own existence. She could not rest by day, nor sleep at night, for the thought that "Masther Garrett's" voice sounded in her ear, exclaiming, "Margaret, where is my child?" The oculist, proud of "Evelyn's eyes," admiring the admirable fidelity of the Irish nurse, and constantly applied to by her for news of "Masther Garrett," was himself stirred up to make inquiries that otherwise he would not have thought of. But though foreigners poured into England almost as rapidly as English poured out of it, still "he came not." Each morning Margaret arose with hope, each night sickened with despair. Yet still she wandered in and about the city, peering into every carriage that passed, and inquiring at the hotels, where her rebuffs were many, "what strangers had arrived in town?" No peasant in the world bears a rebuff so well as an Irish one, even if the sting enters their heart; and that they feel it, the quick blood mantling to their cheek is sure to tell. Still, they either take it meekly, or wing it back to the giver, armed either with a jest or a blessing. The Irish nurse was too earnest to jest, nor was she ever profuse of words, so she took the rebukes meekly, as she never failed to repeat the offence in a day or two. The loungers about the hotel doors were sure to be addressed with, "I humbly ax yer pardon, but is there such a one here as a gentleman, one Mr. or, it may be, Captain, Colonel, or Count Garrett O'Dwyer?"

"Are you his mother?"

"Is it me!—oh, wisha, no!—nothing but a follower of the family, that would be to hear tell of him."

"Why, you asked here last week."

"Sure I know I did, sir; he wasn't in it then; the more reason he'd be in it now."

"Go to the d—!—there's no such person here."

"Thank ye, sir. I'll just take the liberty to come again in a day or two."

"You need not trouble yourself."

"No trouble in life, sir, thanking you for your consideration; and if it was, I shouldn't find it so. Good morning, sir." And she would turn her patient face towards another hotel, to meet with, it might be, even a more rough reception.

One evening Margaret returned weary and dispirited. The few customers her industry and attention had secured, had fallen off, for she was not at home to attend to their small wants. Her oranges had grown rigid, and her lemons mouldy; she turned them over, signed, and sat down to look out upon the noble Thames, that glided on, a sheet of molten gold, for the sun was setting in all its glory. She peeped through the trunks of the tall trees, and thought how black and harsh the wooden arches, and crosses, and beams of the old bridge looked; and then the splash of oars from a very gay wherry that was nearing the landing, smote upon her ear; and then the strains of a song, certainly not English, which was concluded by a laughing sort of chorus; and that, as the gay boat was moored at the landing, was followed by what seemed a half-English, half-foreign conversation. This aroused Margaret, and, fatigued as she was, she went out, "just," as she often said in after-times, "to see if any of them might be Masther Garrett." They had left their boat to inspect the coffee-house rendered so famous by the wits of a past age, the famous Don Saltero's, which has "degenerated" in the present day, but still exists; and Margaret, having satisfied her curiosity, was about to turn away, when the accent of one of the gentlemen, a tall, florid, mustachioed man, fixed her to the spot. A residence abroad seems to rivet an Irishman's brogue, and certainly his was ripe and racy.

"It's beautiful, certainly," he said, with reference to the river; "but, somehow, I always miss the mountains. I suppose it is from being used to them when I was a boy."

"And then!" exclaimed Margaret, rushing forward more like a maniac than a sane woman, and completely losing the gentle, stayed manner for which she was so remarkable, and speaking with fearful rapidity: "and then ye think of the Shine-brui, the Gra-na-groul, the—the—but no, no—Masther Garrett, arick—ye think—ye do—I know it's yourself that's in it—yer mother's smile—the eyes of your poor father—the heavens be his bed!—Ye think—OF THAT NIGHT—yer dead wife—the curse of yer mother—of the child—the babe—the jewel—that ye left in the heart of Margaret Sheil—ye—you—oh God! I shall die—before I give her back!" And, utterly overthrown by the outbreak of

those feelings which had been cherished, and treasured, and concealed for years, the follower of the family sank at the feet of Garrett O'Dwyer.

The scene was so startling that the cheerful party became silent. Nature tugged at the soldier's heart. He would not, if he could, refute her statement. All the past, which had been but the dream of his boyhood, came back upon him; and man of the world though he was, he leant against a tree, totally overpowered, while others saw to and revived poor Margaret. No feeling of ridicule could be attached to the scene: it was too strong, too earnest, for any thing but sympathy. Startling and improbable as it sounded, no one who heard doubted its perfect truth. With the instinctive delicacy, I will not say of refined minds, but of human nature, his companions retreated; when Margaret, restored to herself, was enabled to suppress her emotion, and mutter to herself, while holding "Masther Garrett's" hand within her own,

"It's no drama—I'm awake—my eyes are open—God bless us! the marcy of the Lord is great! But ye must come with me—I cannot tell ye here," and never coming a thought upon the rank and station of the exiled but prosperous Irishman, she clung to while she conducted him to her humble home. And there, without imagining for a moment that she was recording a tale of as great and exalted faithfulness as was ever performed by woman, she told her history, and the history of Evelyn O'Dwyer.

How was it, that, even while she spoke, the impulse of that man's heart beat slower, and more slow—that a record, which, when first I heard it, moved even me to tears, fell upon the father's heart rather as a tale of sorrow than of joy!—how, that, instead of the yearnings of a father's soul towards his child, sprang up the selfish calculation of what he should do with her!—of what Madame O'Dwyer, his young, rich, and imperious wife, would say on his return abroad, to a young and beautiful rival in the shape of his daughter! Nay, if she were only a third part as beautiful as described by Margaret, what domestic discomfort would it not create!

The follower of the family did not understand the cause of his silence. He was ashamed to confess his thoughts; for we are always ashamed to confess unworthy thoughts in the presence of the virtuous. And the hero of two forlorn hopes, the star of many a brilliant saloon, felt his unworthiness, his moral insignificance, in the presence of that poor, uninstructed, but noble-hearted and high-souled woman: his brave, bold eye could not encounter the holy affection, the bright truth, that rendered hers sunny as the first look-out of the unsullied morning.

"And now, Masther Garrett dear," she said, "and now, Masther Garrett, arick masther!" (but I suppose you're no Irish now), and it's Colonel, or General at last, or may be My Lord, I ought to be calling ye—ye bird of my bosom! come till I give ye back yer own beautiful child, that was a blessing, and an honour, and a glory to ye! Oh, stay till ye see her!—that's all—and sure I am it will kill the dear kind lady she's with to part with her; for she always said ye'd never come back, sir, but I said ye would—and her eyes, God be thanked! as clear as a kitten's—and will raise yer heart with the tune of St Patrick's Day, played by her long white fingers on the piano! Think of that, Masther—I mean General, dear—And—but sure it's all like a play—I knew the glory would be in the end."

"Stay, Margaret," he said, "I shall of course be delighted to see this girl, my daughter; but—you must be aware, deeply grateful as I am for your fidelity—that—in short—it is rather an awkward business for a young man like me to have a child of that age. The troubles in my poor country—never hearing of you—I thought the child dead; and, in short, I am married, have one child, a boy, and I never told my wife I had been a father."

"Never told her ye were married before!" said Margaret. "Oh, then, honey, why didn't ye! Poor Moyna wasn't your equal till ye made her so; and ye owed respect to the memory of a heart that loved ye to death."

Masther Garrett became confused, but at last replied, "As to the marriage, it was the couple-beggar who—but it was hardly—a—do not look at me so intently, Margaret. You know I was a boy—a mere boy, not more than nineteen—a foolish boy."

"Now, God stop me from saying the word that's struggling in my throat!" exclaimed Margaret Sheil, and her figure appeared to grow into dignity. "You said you was a foolish boy—I had it on my tongue to say a cursed one. But I can't, Masther Garrett, I can't, though you deserve it. Many's the sleep ye had in these arms—I had the last breath of yer mother—almost the first breath of yer child. I cannot say, you are cursed—but, oh! to think of putting a shame on her! Oh, Masther Garrett, it was the could, could world that spoke, and not the descendant of him whom my great-great-grandfather died to save! I see ye didn't mane it—ye— She paused suddenly, and then added, in a lower tone of voice, "Hush! the Lord is about us—he has a hand in us all! I hear her step coming down the street—I'd hear it among the tramp of forty horses—it wouldn't crush a grasshopper—it's light and swift as a swallow's wing! She's here!" And, truly, Evelyn O'Dwyer lifted the latch, and stood a vision of beauty before her astonished father, whom she did not see at first, for the door opened into the room, and he was in some degree concealed behind it.

"Nurse, we want you; I got leave to come for you

myself. How warm it is!" she added, throwing back her bonnet, when her hair fell in rich masses over her shoulders. "Nurse! my mammy nurse! how odd you look! Do speak! Are you ill, darlin' nurse! Have you any bad news! What ails you?"

Margaret flung to the door, and (for she was unable to speak) seized Evelyn's hand, and placed it in her father's; then falling on her knees, she muttered a few inarticulate words of thankfulness to God; adding, as she rose, "That's yer father, Miss Evelyn; his heart is in the hands of the Almighty. Wont ye let me hear ye own her as yer true lawful child! Oh, Masther Garrett, I gained the light of those eyes for ye, that they might beam the child's welcome to her only parent. I gained that blessing for ye, through the help of God! And now I don't ask ye to take her, or provide for her—the Almighty has done that; but I ask ye, in honour to those who look down upon us now, in a strange land, from the blessed gates of heaven—I ask you, to let me hear ye own her as your lawful child!"

Garrett O'Dwyer could not resist this appeal: he pressed his weeping daughter to his bosom, and Margaret heard what she desired. Great indeed was her happiness.

The First Consul did not suffer the peace to continue, and Garrett O'Dwyer left England almost as suddenly as he had done before. The follower of the family manifested no regret at his departure. He made her many handsome presents, and gave an abundance of jewels to his child, who remained with the lady that might be considered her adopted mother. A gloomy shadow always passed over Margaret's face when Count O'Dwyer's name was mentioned. One thing was somewhat remarkable:—She refused to marry her old, grey-headed lover, who followed her to London, "because," she said, "there was no telling how a man might change." She never went to her brother, or to Ireland, though she always talked of doing both.

Evelyn is now the mother of many beautiful children; and Margaret, a little, bent, cheerful though rather silent, blue-eyed, old woman, is still—a FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

THE DAGUERROTYPE.

AN account of the new process of light-painting or photography, as far as the subject was then known, appeared four months ago in the present work. Our descriptions chiefly referred to the process followed by Mr Fox Talbot, as explained by him to the Royal Society. The British public had then learned little respecting the process followed in France by the contemporaneous discoverer, M. Daguerre. It was only surmised that the two processes were nearly the same. Since then, we have seen more than one description of the drawings produced by M. Daguerre, from which it would appear that the French process differs from the British, at least in the results, the pictures being very much superior. The following is an account by Sir John Robison, secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of a visit which he paid to the studio of M. Daguerre: we extract it from the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, edited by Professor Jameson.

"Circumstances having led to my being included in a small party of English gentlemen who were lately invited to visit the studio of M. Daguerre, to see the results of his discovery, I had an opportunity of satisfying myself that the pictures produced by his process have no resemblance to anything which, as far as I know, has yet been produced in this country; and that, excepting in the absence of colour, they are as perfect images of the objects they represent as are those which are seen by reflection from a highly polished surface. The perfection and fidelity of the pictures are such, that, on examining them by microscopic power, details are discovered which are not perceivable to the naked eye in the original objects, but which, when searched for there by the aid of optical instruments, are found in perfect accordance: a crack in plaster, a withered leaf lying on a projecting cornice, or an accumulation of dust in a hollow moulding of a distant building, when they exist in the original, are faithfully copied in these wonderful pictures."

The subjects of most of the numerous specimens which I saw, were views of streets, boulevards, and buildings, with a considerable number of what may be termed interiors with still life; among the latter were various groups made up of plaster-casts and other works of art. It is difficult to express intelligibly a reason for the charm which is felt in beholding these pictures; but I think it must arise, in some measure, from finding that so much of the effect which we attribute to colour, is preserved in the picture, although it consist only in light and shade; these, however, are given with such accuracy, that in consequence of different materials reflecting light differently, it is easy to recognise those of which the different objects in the groups are formed. A work in white marble is at once distinguished from one in plaster-of-Paris, by the translucency of the edges of the one, and the opacity of the other. Among the views of buildings, the following were remarkable: A set of three pictures of the same group of houses, one taken soon after sunrise, one at noon, and one in the evening; in these the change of aspect produced by the variations in the distribution of the light, was exemplified in a way which art could never attain to.

One specimen was remarkable from its showing the progress made by light in producing the picture. A plate having been exposed during thirty seconds to the action of the light, and then removed, the appearance of the view was that of the earliest dawn of day; there was a grey sky, and a few corners of buildings and other objects beginning to be visible through the deep black in which all the rest of the picture was involved.

The absence of figures from the streets, and the perfect way in which the stones of the causeway and the foot-pavements are rendered, is, at first sight, rather puzzling, though a little reflection satisfies one that passing objects do not remain long enough to make any perceptible impression, and that (interfering only for a moment with the light reflected from the road) they do not prevent a nearly accurate picture of it being produced.

Vacillating objects make indistinct pictures: for example, a person getting his boot cleaned by a decorteur gave a good picture, except that, having moved his head in speaking to the shoe-black, his hat was out of shape, and the decorteur's right arm and brush were represented by a half-tinted blot, through which the foot of the gentleman was partially visible.

There can be no doubt that, when M. Daguerre's process is known to the public, it will be immediately applied to numberless useful purposes, as, by means of it, accurate views of architecture, machinery, &c., may be taken, which, being transferred to copper or to stone, may be disseminated at a cheap rate; and useful books on many subjects may be got up with copious illustrations, which are now too costly to be attainable. Even the fine arts will gain; for the eyes, accustomed to the accuracy of Daguerrotype pictures, will no longer be satisfied with bad drawing, however splendidly it may be coloured. In one department it will give valuable facility. Anatomical and surgical drawings, so difficult to make with the fidelity which it is desirable they should possess, will then be easily produced by a little skill and practice in the disposition of the subjects and of the lights.

It is a curious circumstance that, at the same time that M. Daguerre has made this beautiful and useful discovery in the art of delineation, another Parisian artist has discovered a process by which he makes solid casts in plaster of small animals or other objects, without seams or repairs, and without destroying the model (*Moulage d'une seule piece, sans couture ni reparation, et avec conservation parfaite du modele*). I am in possession of several specimens of his work, among which are casts of the hand of an infant of six months, so delicately executed, that the skin shows evident marks of being affected by some slight eruptive disease.

The invention of photography has been brought under the attention of the Chamber of Deputies, who have voted pensions of 6000 francs (L.240) and 4000 francs (L.160) to M. Daguerre and his associate M. Niepce, with a reversion of half the respective amounts to Madame Daguerre and Madame Niepce, in consideration of their throwing open their discovery to general use (a much superior mode, in our opinion, of rewarding inventors, than that of giving them patents, the working of which is always that of a monopoly). The whole process must therefore soon be explained to the public. Meanwhile, we find a few additional points adverted to by a correspondent of the Standard newspaper. A plate of copper, covered with a thin layer of the chloride of silver, and then exposed to as brilliant a light as possible, admitted by an aperture into a dark chamber, through a prism of lenticular shape (the shape of a lens), is, according to this writer, the recipient of the pictures. The expense of each plate is three or four shillings, but one serves for many drawings. A drawing is executed in five minutes in summer and fifteen in winter; and the whole time required for preparing the apparatus and taking the drawing does not exceed half an hour. M. Arago, in his address to the Chamber, dwelt with much force on the value of the invention in many of the pursuits of science. It affords, in particular, the means of taking, so exactly and so expeditiously, representations of astronomical objects, such as the surface of the moon, the stars, the nebulae, and the spots on the sun, that it must give a great impulse to this science. Professor Nichol of Glasgow has also shown how it may be applied to the registering of temperature by means of the thermometer. Its value to travellers, in taking representations of ancient buildings, of natural productions, and other objects, must be obvious. It is also worthy of note, that a drawing of a building executed by the Daguerrotype, will, if the distance of the camera from the object have been noted, afford the means of calculating the height and other dimensions of that building.

We have ourselves a somewhat remarkable fact respecting photography to communicate to the public. Since the subject came into notice in Britain, a young Scotch barrister of our acquaintance has brought to us a number of specimens of the art, executed by himself and his young companions, fifteen years ago, when they were attending the grammar-school of Aberdeen. Photography, which has since become the subject of so much interest and so much discussion among grave men, was then and there practised merely as one of the ordinary amusements of the boys, a sheet of paper covered with nitrate of silver, and then held up to a sun-lit window with a leaf or feather or picture before it, being the whole mystery of the process. Our young

friend has no recollection of its being considered as any thing either new or wonderful: it simply ranked amongst the other amusements which boys in a great school hand down from one to another. The specimens exactly resemble those which have been exhibited during the last few months before our scientific societies, but are of course very different from the exquisite productions of M. Daguerre, as described by Sir John Robison.

"MEANS AND ENDS," BY MISS SEDGWICK.

THIS eminent American authoress has recently, as many of our readers may be aware, arrived in England, for the purpose of residing in it for a short time. She has already published in this country a little volume, entitled "Means and Ends," being addressed to young women, and designed to instruct them in some of their more obvious duties. She says in the preface—"Being in this beautiful land of my ancestors—the land that has produced whatever the world has known of best and greatest—I feel an inexpressible pleasure in the possibility that I may confer benefit even on one of its humble homes." We earnestly hope that this highly moralised writer will live to confer benefit on many of these homes, and also on others not precisely liable to the qualification "humble." The following extracts from the section on conversation will entertain our readers, and convey that favourable impression of the present volume to which it is entitled.

GOSSIPING.

The most prevailing fault of conversation in our country, and I believe in all social communities, is *gossiping*. As weeds most infest the richest soils, so gossiping most abounds amidst the social virtues in small towns, where there is the most extended mutual acquaintance, where persons live in the closest relations, resembling a large family circle. To disturb the sweet uses of these little communities by gossiping, is surely to forfeit the benefit of one of the kindest arrangements of providence.

In great and busy cities, where people live in total ignorance of their neighbours, where they cannot know how they live, and hardly know when they die, there is no neighbourhood, and there is no gossiping. But need there be this poisonous weed among the flowers—this blight upon the fruit, my young friends!

You may understand better precisely what comes under the head of gossiping, if I give you some examples of it.

In a certain small thickly-settled town there lives a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister. He has a little shop, it may be a jeweller's, saddler's, shoemaker's, or what we call a store—no matter which, since he earns enough to live most comfortably with the help of his wife and sister, who are noted for their industry and economy. One would think they had nothing to do but enjoy their own comforts, and aid and pity those less favoured than themselves. But, instead of this, they volunteer to supervise all the sins, follies, and shortcomings of their neighbours. The husband is not a silent partner. He does his full share of the low work of this gossiping trio. Go to see them when you will, you may hear the last news of every family within half a mile. For example, as follows:—"Mr — gave 150 dollars for his new wagon, and he had no need of a new one; the old one has not run more than two years."

"Mrs — has got a new hired help; but she won't stay long; it's come and go there."

"Mrs — had another new gown at meeting yesterday, which makes the fifth in less than a year, and every one of her girls had new ribbons on their bonnets; it is a good thing to have rich friends; but, for my part, I had rather wear my old ribbons."

"There go Sam Bliss's people with a barrel of flour; it was but yesterday she was at the judge's, begging."

"None of the widow Day's girls were at meeting; but they can walk out as soon as the sun is down."

This is but a specimen of the talk of these unfortunate people, who seem to have turned their home into a common sewer, through which all the sins and foibles of the neighbourhood run. Have they minds and hearts! Yes; but their minds have run to waste, and there is some taint, I fear, at their hearts.

The noted gossip, Miss —, makes a visit in a town, where she has been previously a stranger. She divides her time among several families. She is social, and, what we think is mis-called, agreeable: for she is perpetually talking of persons and things. She wins a too easy confidence, and she returns home with an infinite store of family anecdotes. She knows that Mr and Mrs So and So, who are supposed to live happily, are really on bad terms, and that he broke the hearts of two other women before he married his wife; she knows the particulars, but she has promised not to tell. She has found out that a certain family, who for ten years have been supposed to live very harmoniously with a stepmother, are really eminently wretched. She has heard that Mr —, who apparently is in flourishing circumstances, has been on the brink of bankruptcy for the last ten years—&c. &c. Could this woman find nothing in visiting a new scene to excite her mind but such trumpery! We have given you this example to show you that the sin of gossiping pervades some communities. This woman did not create these stories. She heard them all, the individuals who

* London, Charles Tilt.

told them to her little thinking that they in turn would become the subjects of similar remark to the very persons whose affairs they were communicating.

What should we think of persons who went about collecting for exhibition samples of the warts, wens, and cancers, with which their fellow beings were afflicted! And yet would not their employment be more honourable, more humane at least, than this gossip-monger's!

We have heard such talk as follows between ladies, wives, and mothers, the wives of educated men, and persons who were called educated women.

"Have you heard that Emma Ellis is going to Washington?" "To Washington! how on earth can the Ellises afford a winter in Washington?" "Oh, you know they are not particular about their debts, and they have six girls to dispose of, and find rather a dull market here."

"Have you heard the Newtons are going to the country to live?" "Bless me! no: what's that for?" "They say to educate their children; but my dress-maker, Sally Smith, who works for Mrs Newton, says she is worn out with dinner parties. He runs the house down with company."

"Oh, I suspect they are obliged to go to economise. You know she dresses her children so extravagantly. I saw Mary Newton at the theatre (she is not older than my Grace) with a diamond ferretiere."

"Diamond, was it? Julia told me it was an aquamarine. The extravagance of some people is shocking! I don't wonder the men are out of patience. Don't tell it again, because Ned Miller told me in confidence. He actually has locked up all his wife's worked pocket handkerchiefs. Well, whatever else my husband complains of, he can't find fault with my extravagance."

Perhaps not; but faults far more heinous than extravagance this poor woman had to account for—the *pernicious words* for which we must be brought into judgment.

I hope it may appear incredible to you, my young friends, that women, half way through this short life, with the knowledge of their immortal destiny, with a world without them and a world within to explore and make acquaintance with, with the delightful interests and solemn responsibilities of parents upon them, should so dishonour God's good gift of the tongue, should so waste their time, and poison social life. But be on your guard. If your minds are not employed on higher objects, and your hearts set on better things, you will talk idly about your friends and acquaintance.

The habit of gossiping begins in youth. I once attended a society of young persons, from thirteen to seventeen years of age, who met for benevolent purposes.

"Is this reading or talking afternoon?" asked one of the girls.

"Reading," replied the president; "and I have brought Percy's Reliques of English Poetry to read to you."

"Is not that light reading?" asked Julia Ivers.

"These are old ballads and songs."

"Yes, I suppose it would be called light reading."

"Then I vote against it; mother don't approve of light reading."

Julia, who had the lightest of all minds, and the most voluble of tongues, preferred talking to any reading, and without loss of time she began to a knot of girls, who too much resembled her.

"Did you notice Matilda Smith last Sunday?"

"Yes, indeed; she had on a new silk dress."

"That is the very thing I wanted to find out, whether you were taken in with it. It was nothing but her old sky-blue dyed!"

"Can that be? why, she has worn it ever since she was thirteen. I wonder I did not see the prints of the tacks."

"I did," interposed another of the young Committee of Investigation. "I took a good look at it as she stood in the door. She couldn't deceive me with aunt Sally's wedding sky-blue dyed black."

"I don't think Matilda would care whether you were deceived or not," said little Mary Morris, the youngest member of the society, colouring up to her eyes.

"Oh! I forgot, Mary," said Julia Ivers, "that Matilda is your cousin."

"It is not because she is my cousin," replied Mary.

"Well, what is it then?"

Mary's tears dropped on her work, but she made no other reply. She had too much delicacy to proclaim her cousin's private good deeds; and she did not tell how Matilda, having had a small sum of money, which was to have been invested in a new silk gown, gave it instead to her kind "aunt Sally," who was sinking under a long indisposition, which her physician said "might be removed by a journey." It was—and we believe Matilda little cared how much these girls gossiped about her dyed frock.

Julia Ivers turned the conversation by saying, "Don't you think it strange that Mrs Sandford lets Maria ride out with Walter Isabel?"

"Yes, indeed; and, what is worse yet, accept presents from him."

"Why! does she?" exclaimed Julia, staring open her eyes, and taken quite aback by another person knowing a bit of gossip which had not yet reached her ears.

"Yes, she does; he brought her three elegant plants from New York, and she wears a ring which he must have given her; for you know the Sandfords

could not afford to buy such things; and, besides, they never do."

I have given but a specimen. Various characters and circumstances were discussed, till the young gossip was interrupted by a proposition from the president, that the name of the society should be changed; "for," as she said, "the little charities they did with their needles were a poor offset against the uncharitableness of their tongues."

There is a species of gossiping aggravated by treachery; but, bad as this is, it is sometimes committed more from thoughtlessness than malice. A girl is invited to pass a day, a week, or a month it may be, in a family. Admitted to such an intimacy, she may see and hear much that the family would not wish to have reported. Circumstances often occur, and remarks are made, from which no harm would come if they were published to the world, provided what went before and came after could likewise be known; but, taken out of their connection, they make a false impression. It is by relating disjointed circumstances, and repeating fragments of conversations, that so much mischief is done by those admitted into the bosom of a family.

You know that, with the Arabs, partaking salt is a pledge of fidelity, because the salt is a symbol of hospitality. Show a sacred gratitude for hospitality by never making any disparaging remarks, or idle communications about those into whose families you are received. I know persons who will say, unblushingly, "I am sure that Mr So and So is not kind to his wife. I saw enough to convince me of it when I staid there." "Mrs S. is very mean in her family." "How do you know that?" "I am sure I ought to know, for I staid a month in her house." "If you wish to be convinced that Mrs L. has no government over her children, go and stay there a week, as I did." "The B.'s and their stepmother try to live happily together; but if you were in their family as much as I am, you would see there is no love lost between them."

Now you perceive, my young friends, that the very reason which should have sealed this gossip's lips, she adduces as the ground of your faith in her evil report.

I have dwelt long on this topic of gossiping, my young friends, because, as I said before, I believe it to be a prevailing fault in our young and social country. The only sure mode of extirpating it is by the cultivation of your minds and the purification of your hearts.

All kinds and degrees of gossiping are as distasteful to an elevated character, as gross and unwholesome food is to a well-trained appetite.

WADE'S BRITISH HISTORY.*

THIS is such a book as we have long wished to see—a condensed view of not only the public and more conspicuous occurrences of our national existence, but also of those private and domestic circumstances which reflect more light, perhaps, on the progress of a people, than the most important political transactions. From the statement of pages below, our readers will perceive that it is a very large volume. The history is given in sections, mostly referring to brief spaces of time, generally to less than a reign. Each of these sections first presents an outline of the political history of the period; then, in a smaller type and in double columns, follows a chronological arrangement of transactions, both political and otherwise, including the heads of acts of parliament, deaths of remarkable persons, the results of statistical inquiries, &c. As a register, it is much more copious than could well have been expected within such bounds. With respect to correctness of dates and facts, the present writer, with the advantage of perhaps rather more than the average acquaintance with the minutiae of British history, is inclined, from the inspection he has given to the volume, to return a favourable verdict. There is less accuracy as to the orthography of names of persons and places. The political tone of the author's mind is that of a Whig; his views, apart from politics, are philanthropic, and favourable to all that promises to increase the wealth, morality, and refinement of the people. We would recommend the book as an excellent one for reference, fit to rank with Mr McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce, and Ure's Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures. It is calculated to be of especial use to schoolmasters, as a source of minute information wherewith to illustrate the brief narratives read by the children under their charge.

A specimen of the register in Mr Wade's book is obviously not suitable to these pages: the reader will probably take more interest in the following view of the

PROGRESS OF RAILWAYS.

"Both rail-roads and steam-navigation may be considered the inventions of the present century. There were crude attempts previously in both descriptions of mechanical contrivances, but they were either wholly unsuccessful, or of such limited utility as to discourage their general adoption. In the Newcastle collieries wooden railways were used in the seventeenth century, and for which, on a limited scale, iron began in 1767 to be substituted as a more durable material. This experiment met with so little encouragement, that,

thirty years after, a Mr Carr published a book, claiming to be the first inventor of cast-iron rails. These railways, it may be remarked, were all private undertakings; no public railway was attempted. The first act of parliament for a work of this kind was passed in 1801, and was for the construction of a railway in the vicinity of London, from Wandsworth to Croydon. In the twenty-three years that followed, only twenty-one acts were passed for railways, showing the little alacrity with which the new power was brought into use.

There is another discovery connected with the subject of this section, in the first introduction of the locomotive carriage. The Sirius and Great Western may be considered great locomotive steam-carriages on the waters, but those on land form a separate and distinct contrivance, though the motive powers of both are derived from the same mighty agent. Railways, for nearly two centuries after their introduction, were considered only as a means of economising, not superseding, animal labour. So early as 1759, the idea of applying steam-power for propelling carriages was thrown out by Dr Robinson of Glasgow; and, in 1784, Watt, in the specification of one of his patents, stated that it was intended to use his steam-engine for the same purpose; but neither of these philosophers made any effort for reducing their suggestions to practice. In 1787, Mr Symington exhibited the model of a steam-carriage in Edinburgh, but it was not until 1804 that Trevithick invented and brought into use a machine of this kind upon the railroad of Merthyr Tydvil in Wales.

It is a singular fact in the early history of locomotive carriages, that their projectors assumed the existence of a difficulty which is now known to be wholly imaginary; and, like the ancient Romans in the conveyance of water, without a knowledge that it would rise to its level, they resorted to sundry laborious contrivances for overcoming an obstacle that had no existence, and which Nature herself, had she been asked, would have accomplished for them. They assumed that the adhesion of the smooth wheels of the carriage upon the equally smooth iron rail must necessarily be so slight, that, if it should be attempted to drag any considerable weight, the wheels might indeed be driven round, but that the carriage would fail to advance, because of the continued slipping of the wheels. The remedies devised for this fancied counteraction were various. One was conceived so valuable that a patent was taken out for it in 1811, by Mr Blenkinsop of Leeds. It consisted, as the writer well remembers, of a rack placed on the outer side of the rail, into which a toothed wheel worked, and thus secured the progressive motion of the carriage. It was, however, wholly useless—it was an impediment; the simple adhesion of the wheels with the surface of the rails upon which they are moved, being by an immutable law amply sufficient to secure the advance, not only of a heavy carriage, but of an enormous load dragged after it. The honour of discovering this oversight is due to Mr Blackett; but the idea of a want of adhesion had taken such firm hold of the public mind, that it was not generally removed till the opening, in 1830, of the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

A second misconception in the history of these inventions deserves to be recorded. It is a fact that, of all the railways constructed and contemplated up to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, not one was undertaken with a view to the conveyance of passengers. In the prospectus of that work, a hope was held out that one-half the number of persons then travelling by coaches between the two towns might avail themselves of the railway, in consideration of the lower rate for which they could be conveyed; but the chief inducement held out to subscribers was the conveyance of raw cotton, manufactured goods, coals, and cattle. On the contrary, steam-vessels were originally projected for the conveyance, in rivers or coastwise, of passengers only; and they were not employed in this kingdom for the transport of merchandise before the year 1820.

It does not belong to the plan of this work to exhibit the statistics of these extraordinary innovations; only to record, in chronological order, their introduction and progress. At the close of the present reign (William IV.), the island was undergoing, and to a great extent had undergone, an entirely new demarcation, with a zeal not less ardent, and capital and intelligence more ample, than signalled the beginning of turnpike roads and canal navigation. From London, as a centre, lines are radiating in all directions—east, west, north, and south; and these lines are being met transversely by other lines, crossing and intersecting each other at the great estuaries of population and industry—Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Norwich, and Edinburgh; which a few years hence will form so many grand railway stations, whence individuals may reach any part of the kingdom in almost as short a time as they traverse the metropolis from one part to another, from Charing Cross to Mile End, Paddington, Camberwell, or Turnham Green.

Had not the government adhered so tenaciously to the system of interfering with nothing that can be executed by individuals, or the joint means of individuals, it is probable some of the new undertakings might have been carried on with more dispatch, economy, and advantage to the public.* - - - Rival

companies have competed at an immense cost for different lines, and the interests of private parties have interfered to bias the decisions of parliamentary committees; all or a portion of which evils would have been obviated by the government determining, by preliminary surveys, the most eligible lines, leaving only the execution open to general competition. The expenses incurred by the railway companies in these contests, in buying off opposition, and in battling their projects through parliament, has been enormous, as appears from the following statement of parliamentary charges incurred in obtaining acts of incorporation for the following undertakings:—

London and Birmingham	L. 72,868
Great Western	88,710
London and Southampton	39,040
Midland Counties	28,776
Birmingham and Gloucester	12,000
Great North of England	20,526
The Grand Junction	22,757
Bristol and Exeter	18,592

All this outlay will have to be repaid by the public to the proprietors of the roads, in the form of excessive fares, in addition to the enormous cost of the works. On the London and Birmingham line of 112 miles, had been expended up to June 30, 1838, eleven weeks before it was opened for traffic throughout, L. 4,553,557, 11s. 9d.; and, in the opinion of the directors, the entire expenditure would amount to five millions before the works are in all respects complete. It is indicative of some precipitancy in these undertakings, that before the London and Birmingham railway had been finished, the Manchester extension line had been projected, by which the distance between that town and the capital would, by the Grand Junction and the Birmingham, be reduced from 208½ to 179 miles. The total estimated cost of the Great Western railway from London to Bristol, August 15, 1838, was L. 4,560,928. The total number of acts of parliament obtained for railways from the first in 1801 to 1837 inclusive, has been 174, of which number 97 have been passed in the present (William IV.) reign.*

JOE WITTON AND THE CUNNING WOMAN.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF A SUFFOLK SUPERSTITION.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.*

In this age, will it be credited, that, within a hundred miles of London, in the eastern counties of England, the lower orders of people believe that the *ague* (which is commonly very prevalent in flat, marshy districts, during wet seasons) proceeds from no other cause than the malicious vagaries of a certain moist fiend, a sort of *ignis fatuus*, who haunts the fens and lowland pastures, where he lies in wait for all such luckless wights as may be unwary enough to enter his demesnes after sunset! Sometimes, not content with such stray game, this terrible imp bestrides a vapour, or sails forth on a fog-wreath, and takes a wider range for prey through the hamlets, villages, or scattered cottages farther afield, where he, generally speaking, selects his first victims from the children who incautiously sit on green banks in the deceitful sunshine of March, or sleep on the wet grass after showers. These are small beginnings, but in no respect to be despised; for once get the *ague-fiend* into the house, say those *time-honoured* sages, the oldest inhabitants of the place, and you know not when it will be possible to get him out again; since it hath been observed from time immemorial that the very day, ay, the very hour and minute, that he leaves one member of a family, he attacks another; and, generally speaking, goes his rounds through them all without favour or exception. In fact, the ignorant sufferers from the *ague* will not be dissuaded from the idea that this distressing intermittent fever is something of a demoniacal possession, and two centuries ago this belief was not confined to the lower orders alone; that learned and minute antiquary, Anthony-a-Wood, relates, in sober seriousness and with pathetic quaintness, a circumstantial account of the manner in which himself and a fellow student were afflicted by the *ague*, and the various schemes which they practised to rid themselves of its persevering influence; but all in vain, for no sooner was one freed from it than it attacked the other, till the knowing old farmer in whose house they had hired "a convenient upper chamber, with the rare accommodation of a fair shelf on which to lay their books," informed them that they knew not how to deal with the *ague*, which was not to be driven out by means of medicine like an ordinary fever, since it was of a nature wholly different. Old Anthony gravely then proceeds to state how he and his fellow-student, in compliance with the said farmer's advice, rowed down a running stream, and when they were in the middle leaped from the boat on to the bridge, and from the bridge to the land, fling-

* British History, Chronologically Arranged; from the first invasion of the Romans to the accession of Queen Victoria. By John Wade, author of the "History of the Middle and Working Classes," &c. 8vo. pp. 1154. London, Edinburg and Glasgow, 1830.

* The author here contends in favour of the suggestion which has been made, that the railways ought to have been state speculations—a view in which we are not prepared to support him.

* The above paper was first printed a few years ago in a periodical work of limited circulation. It is here republished, by virtue of an arrangement with the author.

ing the bridge, which consisted of a single plank, back to the opposite shore, which manœuvres they effected so speedily withal, that they fairly left the ague in the lurch, which could by no means pass over the running water unless by the aid of the bridge, but was sure to attack the next person that attempted to enter the boat, no matter whom. Anthony à Wood and his chum were released from its spell, and returned cheerfully to their chambers at Oxford, and the old farmer, though he lost his lodgers, exulted in his sagacity in outwitting the ague.

Almost precisely similar to this quaint relation of the learned chronicler, as far as regards the popular superstition of Oxford, was the account which an old ploughman, who worked on my father's estate some years ago, gave me of the manner in which he and his master got rid of the ague, after it had held them for more than two years, resisting all medicines, charms, and every device they could imagine to expel it.

"For sartain," quoth old John Witton, "this was a special arguing fever"—let none of the learned professions take offence; these were his veritable words—"and one of the most subtleties to deal with I ever met with in all my days. As true as I'm alive, he neither minded pepper and gin taken fasting on a Friday morning, nor blackbottle spiders made into pills with fresh butter, nor agrimony tea; and as for doctors' stuff, it was all meat and drink to him; for the more of it I took, the worse I got. Then I went to old Betty Snowling, the cunning woman, who lived in my young time, just fifty summers ago, at the north end of the pathway pightle, and sometimes went up to the hall, when old my-lord was out of the way, and the young my-ladies chose to have their fortunes told unbeknown to him; and so I said to her, 'Mrs Snowling, says I, for I thought it were best to be civil, 'what am I to do to get rid of this argy, which has almost shaken all my teeth down my throat?' 'Why, narbor Witton, quoth she, 'to-night's the full o' the moon, and if you'll give me a shilling and a groat, and a farthing for luck, I'll chalk up a cross in my chimbley-back for you, and the argy will waste away as the moon wanes, and you'll be free from it by this day fortnight.' 'Narbor,' says I, 'that's a long time to wait; I'll give you a crown if so be that you'll send it away to-night.' 'Give us hold of the crown,' says she, 'and I'll put you up to a scheme.' So I hauls out my money, and sorely vexed were I to part with it so lightly; but if it had been ten times the size, and sterling gold, I would have given it to get rid of this arguing fever. So then, Betty Snowling went to a corner cupboard, and took out her box of charms, as she called them, and she gave me one of them, which looked as much like a tenpenny nail as ever I saw a thing in my life; howsoever, it had more virtue in it than that could have, as you shall hear.

"When do you expect the fit?" says she. "At six o'clock to-morrow morning, please God," says I. "Then," says she, "go to the four crossways to-night, all alone; and just as the clock strikes twelve, turn yourself about three times, and drive that nail into the ground up to the head, and walk away from the place backwards, before the clock is done striking, and you'll miss the argy; but the next person that passes near the nail will take it in your stead." Sorely glad was I to hear that; and if it had been my own father that was to pass over the nail, I shouldn't have stopped for that, so as I got rid of the argy. When the clock struck eleven, and all decent people were abed and asleep, except my mistress, who was sitting up for master, who was out at a fair, and I began to feel a little queerish or so, as if this argy would come on afore the time with the thought of what I had to do; however, I reached down my hat as soon as the hands pointed to the half hour, that I might be in time. 'Where are you going?' says my mistress. 'To drive a tenpenny nail in the crossways, to cure the argy,' says I. 'Umptious! very umptious,' says she, holding up her hands; 'oh, Johnny, Johnny, I'm afraid you've been dealing with old Betty Snowling, who witched my dear little Sammy with an evil eye, and bespoken his death when he was as fine a boy as ever mother smiled on, and before the week was out he was shrouded, and coffined, and laid in the churchyard.' And then she would fain have told me the whole long story of master Sammy's sickness, and death, and burial, with the names of the children who carried him to the grave, and the mourners who followed him; but, thinks I, if I stay to hear all that, I shall lose the nick of time to drive the nail into the four crossways, and have another fit of the argy. So as soon as mistress put her apron to her eyes, which she always did when she talked of master Sammy, I slipped out of the kitchen, and ran without stopping, through the churchyard to the crossways, and all the time I consoled that I were dodged by two black imps, that properly frightened me. Well, when I came to the crossways, at the end of Calve's lane, going on to the common, there I stood and heaved for breath, for I had run very fast; and then I thought the place looked mighty lonesome, and I began to wonder whether any body were ever buried there, for being necessary to their own death, as 'twas the four crossways, and our mistress had talked of its being umptious to drive a tenpenny nail there. And for sartain the nail must have belonged to the devil, as it came out of Betty Snowling's box of charms. And what, thought I (as I took it out of my pocket, that it might be all ready against the clock began to strike), if it should turn red hot and burn my fingers; and I would have flung it over my left shoulder

to be rid of it, if I had not bought it at such a dear rate; and I shook every joint of me as much as if it had been the hour for the argy, when the church clock began to strike twelve. There was no time to be lost then, if I meant to get rid of the argy that night; so I began to turn myself round, and had turned three times before the third stroke of the clock had sounded, and down I went upon all-fours to hammer the tenpenny nail into the earth with a great stone; but I hadn't a ha'porth of strength left in my blessed bones, and my hand shook like an aspen leaf, and there went the old clock, dang, dang, dang, dang, dang, six strokes, before I had fitted the nail to the ground, and the stone to the head of the nail; dang, dang, went the clock again; knick, knock, went the stone on the head of the nail; dang went the clock again; knack, knack, knack, went the stone; it was well the ground was soft, or I never should have driven it into the earth, for I were all the same as a young child. Dang went the old clock again, eleven strokes; my heart was up in my throat. Skra-a-ah, shrieked the grey owl in the witchelm over my head; I thought it were Old Harry himself, and Betty Snowling laughing at me for a fool, and that riled me; so down went the stone and drove the nail in smack up to the head, just as the twelfth stroke was beginning to ring in my ear, and I was up and off like a whirling, and bounced into mistress's kitchen before her clock, that was five minutes slow, had done striking. But whether I went backwards or forwards from the crossways, after I had knocked in the nail, I never could tell, so properly scared were I at the thought of the devil and Betty Snowling. But for sartain I was more afraid of the argy than either, or I never dared have done such an umptious thing, as mistress said. Howsoever, I shall remember to my dying day the pint of humming harvest beer she had heated over the fire for me against I came in, and put such a glass of gin into it, with a toast of bread and a dip of treacle, that it comforted and warmed my very heart, and does me good to think of it now.

Well, ten minutes after in comes master, looking as blue as a harvest-plum, and he sits down by the fire, and he creeps closer to it and closer, and says, 'It's purely cold to-night, mistress,' and presently his teeth fall to chattering, and he begins to dudder all over; and thinks I to myself, but I said nothing, you may be sure, 'As sure as a gun, master, you're in for my argy-fit, for you're the first man that have passed over the tenpenny nail; and sure enough I was right, for I missed the fit that very morning, and master took it, and had the argy sixteen weeks from that time. My mistress always told him it was all along of his staying out so late at the fair, but I knew it came of his crossing over the nail; for, as ill luck would have it, Teddy Todd the turnip-boy, and Charley Cobb the-cow boy, knew it too, for the curious young toads had sneaked arter me, as I found out in a little time, 'cause they had taken it into their fools' heads that I were going to try a love charm, and they wanted to get a little information about them sort of things, and went watching o' me, crawling on hands and knees arter me, as I went through the churchyard to the crossways, little for thinking the real business I were upon, which made every hair stand on end on their heads, for fear the argy-fiend should lay hold on them. Be sure they sneaked home, and took care not to go over the tenpenny nail.

At last master went to Betty Snowling himself to hear of a cure, and she told him to cut nine notches in the cross-bar of a stile before sunrise the morning he expected the fit, and the next person who crossed over that stile should take in the argy instead of him. And sure enough master did as he was told, and said nothing about it to nobody; and who should be the unlucky body to cross the stile that morning first but I my own self! and true as I am alive, I was argy-ridden again worse than ever; and the worst of it was, that the fits took me every night, so that I could not get down to the four crossways to drive in the tenpenny nail at the proper time to witch the arguing fever to somebody else. So away I went at last to Betty Snowling once more, and directly she looked in my face she told me I had got the argy again, and had come to her for a charm. 'But,' said the hungry witch, 'it's of no use coming to me without money in hand.' So I showed her all the money I had left, which was two shillings and sevenpence ha'penny. Then she said, 'Johnny, I must leave you enough to pay the hangman, I suppose,' and with that she took the sixpence and one of the shillings, and left me just thirteenpence ha'penny; and sixpence out of that I gave her on the spot for her to tell my fortune, that I might know what she meant about the hangman. And then she told me that it was all a joke. However, she gave me a string off the handle of her own broom, and told me to knot nine withered crab-apples upon it, and then leave them in a pathway field, across the path, an hour before I expected the fit, and that happened to be an hour before sunset. So I did as she told me; and who should be the first person to cross the field but master, and he got the argy again as bad as before. Then, when he saw as how I missed the fit that night, he began to guess that there was something of a plot in the business; and so, says he to me, 'Johnny, my man, you and I must part, for I see we have got the arguing fever betwixt and between us, and we shall have no luck while we two have a being in the same house.' 'Sure, master,' says I, 'and if we are argy-ridden, we may shift the argy away by some scheme or other.' 'Ah! Johnny,' says he, 'I have had enough of your schemes of shifting of

the argy, that's for sartain; for I never should have had it this year at all, if you hadn't a-driven that tenpenny nail in my path that you knew I must take in coming home from the fair that night, when you first mis'd the fit.' Then I knew by that saying of his that them tiresome toads, Teddy the turnip-boy, and Charley the cow-boy, who I had been forced to flog for some of their tricks, had venged upon me by telling about my witchcrafts with the tenpenny nail, for I had now made out that they were the black imps that had dodged me in the churchyard.

'True as I'm alive, Sir, I had not a thought of you, Sir,' says I, the tears coming into my eyes at the thought of losing my good place, with just only sevenpence ha'penny in my pocket to pay for quarters at some of the cottages. 'And, besides, Sir,' says I, 'I'm latten to you till next Michaelmas, and that was for better or worse you know, so you can't get rid of me afore that time without you've any thing to say against my character, but that's what I defy you to say; for though I says it as shouldn't say it, as the saying is, there isn't a steadier, honest, or soberer young fellow than I is. Saving the arguing-fever, which is no fault of mine, for I never was giving to stay out late at fairs and such likes.'

'Ah, Johnny,' says my mistress, 'that's the way people gets argys, and colds, and rheumatis, and then their poor wives have to nurse them.' 'And then,' says I, Sir, 'twasn't I that directed your crossing over the tenpenny nail, for 'twas all a game of haphazard who should be the first to pass that way; and now, after all, master, if there had been any thing in that, it would have been the horse that would have had the argy; since it were he, poor dumb creature, that passed over the nail, and not you.' 'Johnny, Johnny,' said master, shaking his head, 'that won't do; horses arn't liken to Christians, and never do take the arguing-fever; and though I don't blame your trying a scheme to shift away the argy, yet I do think you might have charmed it away into the next parish, or, at any rate, not driven your nail in my path.'

'Well, master,' says I, 'you never takes into account your notchin' the stile that I had to pass over into the bean-field so as I got the argy back again.' 'Why,' Johnny, says master, 'that was my loss in a double sort of way, d'ye see; for, in the first place, I lost your services just in the haystack and turnip-hoeing time, and in the next you brought the argy back into the house, and managed so as to fling it back on me.'

'Then,' says my mistress, 'you see all the good that comes of such umptious doings as dealing with the devil and Betty Snowling.' While we were bating the matter over, comes up to the house old Joe Spilling, the cow-leech, from Brainsford Wood, and master says to him, 'I'll give you a crown, Joe, if you can put me up to a scheme for getting rid of the argy clear out of the house.' Now Joe was a cunning old fellow, who had more know in him than any person for ten parishes round. He could tame the most unruly horse in my lord's stables, and make the most refractory cow in the county give down her milk to the dairy-maid, even the very night the butcher took away her calf. He could charm away warts and cure corns, and burn people in the ear for the toothache, bleed both cattle and Christians, and set a palm and make the responses at church better than the old clerk, who always followed Joe's readings, and never shamed to skip the hard words that Joe could not make out; for he thought if Joe Spilling could not make them out, it were hardly to be expected that he should. Then Joe wrote and read all the valentines and love-letters for the men and maids far and near, and had given away most of the brides married in his parish, and stood godfather to the children. Ah! Joe was a special fellow; and every body used to say nothing was too hard for him to manage, if he once set his mind upon it. My lord, who was always an awful man about the game, was forced to wink at all Joe's poaching jobs, because he was such a famous hand at breaking his young dogs. Old Betty Snowling and Joe were sworn enemies, because two of a trade never agree; and it was said by some that Joe dealt not a little in her way of life; only I don't think there could have been so much sin in Joe's conjuring, or he never would have been such a constant church-goer; and folks do say that old Betty durst not go into church for the life of her. So when master asked Joe about getting rid of the argy, Joe put his finger to the side of his nose and winked three times, and said, 'You have been dealing with Betty Snowling, both of you.' 'Ah, Joe, you're a cunning chap,' says master, 'but that's not the question; I want to be advised into getting the arguing-fever clean out of the house.' 'Why, master Tibman,' says Joe, turning the crown between his finger and thumb, 'if you only depend on Bet Snowling's charms and devilries, you'll never get rid of it, for she witches it from one on purpose to send it back to t'other; so you might go on till doom's-day at a game of see-saw. Now, if you'll be ruled by me, you shall carry it not only out of the house, but clean out of the parish; so come along with me, both of you.' Off we all set, leading master between us, for the foul fiend of the argy was still ruling him; but for all that Joe made him keep up a brisk pace till we came to a little running brook that parted the parish, and by that time master was all in a heat. There was a plank laid over the brook by way of a bridge, and we all ran across it, and stepped in the other parish till the fit was quite off master. Then Joe gave him a sup out of a bottle that he had in his pocket to keep up his spirits, and we all came back to our own side, only master was last man, and we made a bound

one after the other from the plank to the shore, and flung back the plank after us to the opposite bank, and there the argu was forced to bide till the next person passed that way, for it could by no means cross running water unless by means of bridge or boat; so we got fairly rid of the arguing-fever; and what is more, neither master nor I ever had it again from that day to this.' 'Well, John,' said my father, 'and did you ever find out who was the next person to cross the brook?' 'True as I'm alive, sir,' replied John Witton, with a knowing grin, 'that was the best of the joke, for it was old Betty Snowling herself, coming home in the dusk from telling the old squire's young wife's fortune; but wick as she was, she could not tell her own, for she knew nothing of the bridge being flung back, and she set her foot where the plank used to be, and plumped right into the brook over head and ears, and for a certain would have been drowned; only, that being a witch she could not sink, but floated over to the other side, and brought the argu back into our town; only with all her charms she could not cure herself, but had it thirty weeks every day of her life, and was fain to go to the parish doctor at last to be cured, for she was too proud to apply to old Joe Spilling for a cure; no, no, she'd rather have been shook bone from bone than have gone to him for a cure.' 'But did the parish doctor make a cure of her?' demanded my father. 'Well, sir, that's more than I can tell,' replied John, 'for I heard of a service that Michaelmas at higher wage in this here parish, and left our country, and married like all the rest of the fools, because I met with a pretty girl, and here have I lived ever since, so what became of old Betty and the arguing-fever I never heard from that day to this.'"

So much for the popular superstitions relating to the cure of the ague. Many of the charms ignorantly employed by the vulgar as antidotes for this disorder, are evidently relics of the homage and sacrifices rendered to the power of darkness in the ages of Pagan blindness and gross idolatry. In some parts of the county of Suffolk, I have known the following mysterious rite observed by way of a charm for the removal of this fever. A small red earthen pan was purchased, into which the afflicted person put a piece of meat (*which must be stolen*), together with a lock of his hair and the parings of his nails, and then buried it in a place where the earth had never before been broken. Surely a more complete oblation to an imagined evil spirit was never practised by the idolatrous tribes in the interior of Africa; and, as I before observed, it is doubtless a remnant of the aboriginal idolatries of the island, and might even be traced by the curious antiquary as a rite observed among the Druids.

LAND NEAR THE SOUTH POLE.

THE immense regions encircling the South Pole remain in a great measure unexplored. Our maps and globes present all within the Antarctic circle as one continuous sheet of water or ice, and on the outside also, for many degrees of latitude, there are laid down only enormous unoccupied tracts of ocean. This was not the case with the older charts and maps of the Southern Pacific. They boldly indicated the existence of vast ranges of land in that quarter of the globe, though, from a total ignorance of all connected with this same country, they were obliged to call it *Terra Australis Incognita*, the Unknown Land of the South. Some excuse for this map-filling procedure was derived from the statements of various early voyagers, and from the universality of the belief entertained by scientific men regarding the existence of a southern continent of prodigious extent, and probably both inhabitable and inhabited. Buffon entertained this opinion, and indulged his imagination by forming the liveliest pictures of the riches of the new continent, and of the vast benefits which would result to commerce from its discovery. Honest, practical Captain Cook did much to extirpate such vain fancies, though he himself believed in the existence of land around the South Pole, as the following quotation from the narrative of his second voyage is sufficient to prove: "In Captain Cook's opinion, the ice that is spread over this vast Southern Ocean must originate in a tract of land, which he firmly believes lies near the pole, and extends farthest to the north, opposite the Southern Atlantic and Indian Oceans, ice being found in these farther to the north than any where else." In fact, Captain Cook himself saw land in latitude 59 degrees 13 minutes, and longitude west 27 degrees 45 minutes, which he could not weather, or sail round, to the south, and which he thought might be the point of a continent extending back towards the pole. This land was called Sandwich Land, and lay to the south-east of Cape Horn. But though thus admitting, upon tolerable evidence, the probability of the existence of a southern continent Cook thought that the land must lie too near the icy pole to be worth the toil even of attempting to explore it farther, and, in short, that it would present "the horrid aspect of a country impenetrable by the animating heat of the sun's rays—a country doomed to be immersed in everlasting snow." The great navigator substantiated this opinion to a certain extent, by making long and careful explorations on the navigable borders of the polar circle, all of which ended in the discovery of no land or continent in habitable latitudes.

In this state the question long remained, Captain Cook's accuracy of observation being so much trusted in, as to render future explorers of the globe unwilling

to throw away farther time in examining the borders of the Antarctic circle. At length, a little merchant brig, the *Williams* of Blythe (in Northumberland), William Smith master, chanced to be passing from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, in the month of February 1819, when the master, fancying that he could improve upon the common passage round Cape Horn, took a wide tack to the south. He in consequence came in sight of what he imagined to be land, at the distance of two leagues. He saw many fields of ice floating about at the same time, and satisfied himself that he was not committing the common error of mistaking one of these for land. This spectacle, occurring in latitude 62 degrees 40 minutes, and longitude 60 degrees, surprised Mr Smith very much. On the second day he stood in towards the land, but approached near enough only to satisfy himself more fully of its true character, and also that it appeared to be an island. To the westward he observed more land. The whole had a bare and rocky aspect, but exhibited snow merely in a very few places. Seals and whales were abundant on these shores. Mr Smith was obliged to content himself with this distant survey, being principal owner of the brig, and fearing to endanger the validity of his policy of insurance in case any accident resulted from the prosecution of the search. Accordingly, he sailed northward and north-westward, and arrived in good time at Valparaiso.

The people there laughed at the master of the brig *Williams* when he told them of having seen land in such and such latitudes. They ridiculed the notion utterly, and assured him that he must have mistaken ice-islands, after all, for solid land. But Mr Smith, who was a native of Northumberland, had been brought up in the Greenland fishery, and knew the peculiar appearance of icebergs so well, that he was not easily shaken in his opinion. When he left Valparaiso to return to the Rio de La Plata, he sailed again to the south-east of Cape Horn, but the unusual abundance of loose ice then in those seas compelled him to proceed at once to his original destination. At Monte Video, the assertions of Mr Smith became again the subject of ridicule. Some persons, nevertheless, appear to have believed him. These were sharp-eyed American merchants, who offered to charter the brig *Williams* on a voyage of discovery, and to employ it in whaling, as the ostensible object of the enterprise. But Mr Smith seems to have discovered that the Americans had formed certain national views regarding the sovereignty of the new land, and having the loyal determination in his breast that the discovered territory should belong to Britain, and to Britain only, he refused to disclose the particular latitude and longitude to any but one of his own countrymen. On this rock the negotiation split, and Mr Smith had to wait long, and at great cost to himself, for a new freight. At length he shipped a cargo for Chili, and set sail for that coast, with the determination to verify his former observations by the way. On the 15th of October 1819, he came in sight of land, nearly in the same latitude and longitude as before. He bore up within four miles of it, and discovered it to be an island, covered by innumerable penguins. On the ensuing morning, the master of the *Williams* could plainly distinguish the mainland, or what appeared mainland, bearing the form of a line of coast running up to a prominent cape on the north-east. To this cape Mr Smith steered, and, seeing a good harbour, he sent a boat's crew and the first mate on shore, where, with three cheers, they planted a board with the Union Jack, and took possession of the land in the name of the king of Great Britain, calling it *New South Shetland*.

The character of the newly discovered country was not very promising at this point. The land was elevated and disposed in hills or great rocks, seemingly of a slaty character, while the coast and low ground were barren and covered with broken slaty stones. The sea on the coast, however, was particularly rich in the spermaceti whale, seal, sea-otter, and such like animals. Only the higher points of land were whitened with snow. The course of Mr Smith now lay to the west, but before leaving the cape alluded to, he saw that, on the eastern side, the shore shelved away to the south-east, continuing as far as the telescope could follow it. In a south-westerly direction, the brig followed the direction of the coast, keeping always within sight of it, for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. The character of the land was not always the same, as Mr Smith could distinctly perceive some points of it to be clothed with trees, which bore a strong resemblance to Norway pines, and seemed to grow to a tolerable height. Indeed, the whole coast had a striking similarity to that of Norway. When the sailors were on shore, also, they saw abundance of wild land-fowls and fresh-water ducks—a sight indicative of no disagreeable severity of climate and temperature. Having spent no less than six weeks in the meritorious task of acquiring a further knowledge of the country, the enterprising commander found it absolutely necessary to continue his route for Valparaiso.

On reaching that port, his clear and distinct description of the new land, with the evidence of his drawings and of the crew of his brig, satisfied every one that there had indeed been an interesting discovery made. The British naval commander in this region was at once convinced that New South Shetland might be made a place of the utmost consequence to the British whale fishing in the Pacific, particularly as regarded that most valuable variety of the Cetaceous tribes, the spermaceti whale. The existence of land-fowl on the

coasts even excited the hope that various useful and valuable furred animals might be found there, in addition to the seals and sea-otters which had been seen by the crew of the *Williams*.

In the *Philosophical Journal*, to which a lengthened notice of Smith's discovery was some years ago communicated, many arguments are offered in support of the belief that this New South Shetland is really but a part of a large continent—the unknown Austral land of chart-makers. But this proved not to be the case. The report of Captain Smith sent off numerous adventurers, in the course of a few years, from the coasts of South America, both eastern and western. They found New South Shetland to be one of a group of pretty large islands, twelve or thirteen in number, and now rejoicing in such names as Barrow, Livingston, and others. The trouble of the parties who visited New South Shetland was well rewarded. The quantities of oil and skins procured on the coasts were very great; but of late years adventurers have gone thither in such numbers, that the supplies have been drained to a serious extent. The soil of these islands is, to appearance, entirely volcanic, and some of the land is more than 2000 feet above the sea.

The great Austral Continent, therefore, is not as yet a thing certainly existing, and the vast blank about the South Pole, visible in our maps and globes, remains unfilled up.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE FROG IN IRELAND.

"Of the existence of the frog in Ireland, very erroneous opinions have been entertained. I need not again allude to the legend of St Patrick's extirpatory malediction against the whole race of reptiles; but it is worthy of observation, that even of late years, the belief that frogs, in common with snakes, could not live in that favoured island, was very general. The truth, however, is, that this species is not only now an inhabitant of that place, but, as will appear by the following extract, has been so since the very beginning of the eighteenth century. I owe the knowledge of this passage to my friend W. Ogilby, Esq., who communicated it to me in the following letter:—

"The following is the extract from Swift's work of which I some time since spoke to you, concerning the introduction of frogs into Ireland. It occurs in a tract styled, 'Considerations about Maintaining the Poor,' which, though without date, I fancy from the context, and other collateral evidence, must have been written about the year 1726. Among the public grievances of which he complains, he rather singularly mentions the practice of insuring houses in English offices, which, it appears, was then becoming common in Ireland. 'A third' [absurdity], says he, 'is the Insurance Office against fire, by which several thousand pounds are yearly remitted to England (a trifle, it seems, we can easily spare), and will gradually increase till it comes to a good national tax; for the society marks upon our houses (under which might be properly written, 'The Lord have mercy upon us'), spread faster and farther than a colony of frogs.' To this passage, one of Swift's editors, I believe Sheridan, adds the following note:—'This similitude, which is certainly the finest that could possibly have been used upon the occasion, seems to require a short explanation. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Dr Gwyther, a physician, and fellow of the University of Dublin, brought over with him a parcel of frogs from England to Ireland, in order to propagate the species in that kingdom, and threw them into the ditches of the University park, but they all perished; whereupon he sent to England for some bottles of the frog spawn, which he threw into those ditches, by which means the species of frogs was propagated in that kingdom. However, their number was so small in the year 1720, that a frog was nowhere to be seen in Ireland except in the neighbourhood of the University park; but within six or seven years after, they spread thirty, forty, or fifty miles over the country, and so at last by degrees over the whole nation.' What credit may be due to the note, I will not take upon me to determine, though it appears perfectly circumstantial, and given upon the editor's personal knowledge; but Swift's own notice proves indisputably the fact of the introduction, and the period about which it took place."—*Bell's History of British Reptiles*—a newly published volume; illustrated by many exquisite woodcuts, the work of Mr G. Vasey. In this volume we find doubt expressed that toads are ever found enclosed in stones. The author thinks we still require "better and more cautious evidence to authorise our implicit belief in these asserted facts." This is much what Sir Joseph Banks said fifty years ago, during which space many cases have been reported, some of them with such authentication as to make doubt appear, what we have no doubt it mainly is, a mere piece of philosophical affectation. We refer, for a great range of cases more or less authenticated, to an article which appeared in No. 369 of this Journal. Mr Bell observes, that "numerous experiments have been made in order to try whether toads would die on being artificially embedded in masses of clay, or plaster-of-Paris, in wooden boxes surrounded by plaster, and in other similar circumstances, but hitherto all have failed, although in some of them the animals have certainly lived for a much longer period than could have been expected, prolonged sometimes to many months, or even to between one and two years." We cannot well understand how all

the experiments can be said to have failed, if in some the animals have lived even this comparatively short period without food and air. But if the author will do us the honour to look into the article in question, he will probably join us in thinking that even the most decided failure of such experiments would not be conclusive against the possibility of toads existing for ages in the heart of solid rocks. The probability is, that at the beginning of their imprisonment they were in a frozen or otherwise torpid state, a very different thing from being enclosed in their ordinary condition. The fishes which Captain Franklin took out of the Coppermine River, and which immediately became to all appearance inanimate pieces of ice, but afterwards revived when placed before a fire, would have probably retained life as long as they remained frozen, though for countless ages. The case of the toads we conceive to be almost precisely similar.

PROJECT FOR PRODUCING RAIN AT WILL.

A Mr Espy, of the United States, whose name has become known in this country with reference to the supposed law of storms first developed at the meeting of the British Association last year, is now attracting notice in his own country to a project for producing rain at will. A New York correspondent of the *Athenæum* gives the following account of the project. "Mr Espy begins by laying down these principles:—1. It is known (he says) that if air should be expanded into double the volume by diminished pressure, it would be cooled about ninety degrees of Fahrenheit. 2. I have shown (he says), by experiment, that if air at the common dew point in summer, (in time of drought, 71 degrees,) should go up in a column to a height sufficient to expand it by diminished pressure into double the volume, it would condense into water or visible cloud (by the cold of expansion) more than one-half of its vapour—a quantity sufficient to produce nearly three inches of rain. 3. It is known by chemical principles that the caloric of elasticity given out during the condensation of this vapour, would be equal to about 30,000 tons of anthracite coal burnt on each square mile over which the cloud extended. 4. I have shown, by experiment, that this caloric of elasticity would prevent the air from cooling only about half as much as it would, if it had no vapour in it, or about forty-five degrees at the height assumed, which would cause the air in the cloud to be, at that height, about forty-five degrees warmer than the air on the outside of the cloud at the same height. I have shown from these principles [Journal of the Franklin Institute for 1836] that the barometer would fall, under the cloud thus formed, in favourable circumstances, as much as it is known to fall sometimes under the middle of a dense and lofty cloud; and that, consequently, the air would rush in on all sides towards the centre of the cloud and upwards in the middle, and thus continue the condensation of the vapour, and the formation of cloud, and the generation of rain. I have shown, also, that the air does move inwards on all sides towards the centre of the space or region where a great rain is falling, and of course upwards, after it comes in under the cloud, which is so much lighter than the surrounding air; at least, that it does so in all storms investigated, which now amount to sixteen, besides several tornadoes, in all of which the trees were thrown with their tops inwards. From these principles, established by experiment, and confirmed by observation, it follows, that if a large body of air is made to ascend in a column, a large cloud will be generated, and that that cloud will contain in itself a self-sustaining power, which may move from the place over which it was formed, and cause the air over which it passes to rise up into it, and thus form more cloud and rain, until the rain may become general; for many storms which commence in the West Indies, very narrow, are known to move from the place of beginning several thousand miles, widening out and increasing in size, until they become many hundred miles wide."

Mr Espy now goes on to say, that if his reasoning be correct, thus far, great fires and the bursting out of volcanoes should make rain; and he thinks there is proof that they do so. From some of these principles, too, it might be expected that clouds would form over large cities and towns where much fuel is burnt; and Mr Espy says it is found to be so. He refers to Manchester for proof, and also to Mamett's statements, in his collection of facts concerning the Ashby coal field. The connection, then, he argues, between fires and rain, is not accidental. "Humboldt acknowledged this in the case of volcanoes, when he speaks of the mysterious connection between volcanoes and rain, and says that when a volcano bursts out in South America in a dry season, it sometimes changes it to a rainy one." Mr Espy, of course, thinks that he has cleared up this 'mystery,' and that what applies to volcanoes applies to other fires in proportion. He explains why they do not always make rain, and states that he is willing to undertake experiments in proof of his argument, provided Congress or the Pennsylvania legislature will reward him in the event of his being successful.¹²

INFLUENCE OF DRESS, &c. ON SIGHT.

An excess of gilding, or, indeed, of any shining or white articles, in rooms, ought to be carefully avoided. Dress, also, it cannot be doubted, exercises much influence on the visual organs; and many naturally good eyes have been permanently weakened by the apparently innocent custom of wearing a veil, the constant shifting of which affects the sight so prejudicially, in its ceaseless endeavours to adjust itself to the veil's vibrations, that I have

known not a few young ladies who have brought on great visual debility by this means alone. Again, tight clothing is manifestly hurtful to the sight; for it needs not to be demonstrated that the effective state of the eyes, as well as that of every other part of the body, cannot be maintained without a free circulation of blood, which is obstructed when the body is too straitly laced or buttoned.—*Curtis on the Preservation of the Sight.*

THE FUTURE LIFE.

[BY W. C. BRYANT.]

[From the "Western Messenger," a Religious and Literary Periodical, published at Cincinnati, United States.]

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps,
And perishes amongst the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serene eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given;
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer:
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows framed by heaven's life-breathing wind—
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of th' unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last:
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and tenderest good for ill.

For me—the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

SHAM DEAFNESS.

A marine, while serving on board a ship of war, complained from time to time to the surgeon that he was gradually losing the sense of hearing, and at the end of several months asserted that he was completely deaf. It being, however, presumed that the alleged infirmity was feigned, and as he could not be made to perform his duty, he was brought to the gangway and flogged; but previously to his being paraded for punishment, and during its infliction, he was informed that he should be pardoned if he would admit the fraud and return to his duty. Every means that promised to be successful in surprising him into showing that he possessed the sense of hearing, was resorted to, but without success; firing a pistol close to his ear, suddenly rousing him during sleep, and endeavouring to alarm him, elicited nothing satisfactory. The officers at Haslar Hospital, to which he had been sent, resolved to punish him a second time. Dr Lind, who was then physician to the hospital, begged that punishment might be deferred, with the view of gaining time to try by another experiment whether the man was an impostor or not. His request was granted. The doctor chose a favourable opportunity, and coming unperceived behind him one day, he put his hand on the man's shoulder, and said in an ordinary tone of voice, "I am happy to tell you that you are invalided at last." "Am I!" replied the overjoyed marine. The imposture being thus rendered evident, he was forthwith punished, and sent on board ship.—*Marshall on Enlisting, &c. of Soldiers.*

MARKS OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

Discharged men who re-enlist, and deserters who wish to re-enter the service, frequently omit to state they have been soldiers, and consequently it is of importance to distinguish a man who has been in the army from the ordinary case of recruits. A well-drilled soldier is in general easily recognised; his posture is generally upright, both when he is in motion and at rest; his chest is full, partly from an elevation of the sternum, and also from a greater development of the pectoral muscles; the shoulders are drawn back, and the scapulae nearly approach each other. When, however, he wishes to conceal that he has been in the service, he sometimes assumes a slouching manner, which commonly disappears when he is desired to march smartly backwards and forwards in the inspection-room, and if the word "halt" be given, the influence of discipline becomes instantly evident.—*The same.*

WHAT EDUCATION IS.

Education does not mean merely reading and writing, nor any degree, however considerable, of mere intellectual instruction. It is, in its largest sense, a process which extends from the commencement to the termination of existence. A child comes into the world, and at once his education begins. Often at his birth the seeds of disease or deformity are sown in his constitution; and while he hangs at his mother's breast, he is imbibing impressions which will remain with him through life. During the first period of infancy, the physical frame expands and strengthens, but its delicate structure is influenced for good or evil by all surrounding circumstances—cleanliness, light, air, food, warmth. By and bye,

the young being within shows itself more. The senses become quicker. The desires and affections assume a more definite shape. Every object which gives a sensation, every desire gratified or denied, every act, word, or look of affection or of unkindness, has its effect, sometimes slight and imperceptible, sometimes obvious and permanent, in building up the human being, or rather in determining the direction in which it will shoot up and unfold itself. Through the different states of the infant, the child, the boy, the youth, the man, the development of his physical, intellectual, and moral nature, goes on, the various circumstances of his condition incessantly acting upon him—the healthfulness or unhealthfulness of the air he breathes, the kind and the sufficiency of his food and clothing, the degree in which his physical powers are exerted, the freedom with which his senses are allowed or encouraged to exercise themselves upon external objects, the extent to which his faculties of remembering, comparing, reasoning, are tasked; the sounds and sights of home, the moral example of parents, the discipline of school, the nature and degree of his studies, rewards, and punishments, the personal qualities of his companions, the opinions and practices of the society, juvenile and advanced, in which he moves, and the character of the public institutions under which he lives. The successive operation of all these circumstances upon a human being from earliest childhood, constitutes his education; an education which does not terminate with the arrival of manhood, but continues through life—which is itself, upon the concurrent testimony of revelation and reason, a state of probation or education for a subsequent and more glorious existence.—*The Educator, a volume of Essays on Education, just published.*

WOMAN'S PLACE NOT IN POLITICAL CONTESTS.

Participation in scenes of popular emotion has a natural tendency to warp conscience and overcome charity. Now, conscience and charity (or love) are the very essence of woman's beneficial influence; therefore every thing tending to blunt the one, and sour the other, is sedulously to be avoided by her. It is of the utmost importance to men to feel, in consulting a wife, a mother, or a sister, that they are appealing from their passions and prejudices, and not to them as embodied in a second self; nothing tends to give opinions such weight as the certainty, that the utterer of them is free from all petty or personal motives. The beneficial influence of woman is nullified if once her motives, or her personal character, come to be the subject of attack; and this fact alone ought to induce her patiently to acquiesce in the plan of seclusion from public affairs.—*Woman's Mission, a new work, by a lady.*

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dance slain—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch—
Or else to see Dacrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or, in the snug Olympic pit, sit, split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.
Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung:
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light
Now thieves, to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep!
But frightened by policeman B, 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low—"No go."
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers, waking, grumble, "drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.
Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize rise,
In childish dreams, and with a roar, gore poor
George, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what fates is man's!—Ann's banes
And his, from Reverend Mr Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes.
—*Hood's Comic Annual.*

PERMANENT VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge, is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard every thing upon one cast of the die; when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

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